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SPECIAL NOTICE

TO ADVERTISERS,

☞ See 2d Page. ☜

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AND HIS COUSIN,

PEYTONA RANDOLPH DE ACCOMAC.

UP THE MIDDLE, DOWN THE SIDES, AND CRISS-CROSS THE WHOLE MANIFEST DESTINATION OF THE UNIVERSAL AMERICAN CONTINENT.

CHAPTER VII.

THE CATSKILL MOUNTAINS.

QUEEN LUCY DE BROOM—whom I used to call FAIR LUCY sometimes and LUCIFÉRA very often—liked to propound theory that in all our travels certain individuals are inevitably destined to continually turn up again. "You can't avoid them if you would," said LUCIFÉRA—"they'll come again and again, go where you will—shut them out of your sight and they'll return to you on the evening breeze—you'll trace their faces in the dewy grass—you'll see their glances in other eyes—you'll hear them in the murmur of the sea—*verrano â te sull'aure.*" All people—even belles by brevet—rise to eloquence when they mount pet superstition or idea they've nursed up into poetry—it was not otherwise with this LUCIFÉRA who bore as much light in her eyes when aroused as would serve for two first magnitude Stars of the Morning, any day.

And as I went rattle-clatter, rattle-clatter, rub-a-dub rub-dub up the North river-side in the cars one warm afternoon, the Luciferian theory kept buzzing in my mind, between sleeping and waking in that dim sort of half-idea way according to which a man sees or feels that the subject in question may be either the parallax of a pink hydromedary or the emporium of an isothermal florometer without caring particularly which, and not interesting himself a red cent for either, I found my thoughts gradually settling on and flying away from and coming back to a little gray hat and barége travelling dress, half a dozen seats ahead of me. Look out of window—gray hat—read newspapers—gray hat—think and doze—gray hat—gray hat—hat—hat—suddenly started up as if from dream—woke RANDOLPH—asked him if he saw bonnet and what sort of egg he s'posed there was in that gray nest?

OLD VIRGINNY put up his glass—focussed his eyes—hauled down first one moustache, then 'tother with his whole hand—combed his beard upwards with four fingers—let out suppressed *ha-ha-ha!*—and 'jaculated like a verbal javelin:

"—' Do believe its the WIDOW!"

"Where the devil don't that blessed little relic turn up? It's she—by all that's scarlet! I believe there's a regiment of her always travelling alone on leave, scattered over the earth. Would like to see her altogether for once—single specimens are very fine—what must sum total be! Go ahead! As Scripture says: "BEN—jam in!"

Hear scream of delight—expected scene of passional affection—missed it, but did think RANDOLPH and YE WIDOW would have snapped each others' hands short off at wrists, shaking 'em. "My dear fellow!" cried RANDOLPH. "My dear POLLY!" quoth the WIDOW. "I never saw a brighter looking boy in all my life" replied RANDOLPH admiringly. "And you've got your old beau SPUYTENTYFEL still, I see. Bring him up POLLY or I'll be jealous."

Something uncommonly boy-like about WIDOW—that's fact. Not the agonizing he-snake look of a lorette *lionne* sin-cat—but a Miss JOLLYBOY expression with some Diedevil Vernon—helped out with crisp dark hair brushed back—look-you-in-the-face, great blue eyes—all full-blooded pure, AMERICAN beauty—little standing collar—saucy little tubular neck-tie—foppish sleeves, fast-pattern buttons and side-pockets. Greatly given to smash-hats with cock-tails in 'em, and if presented with rose-bud will be seen in five minutes holding it between lips. WIDOW has been for seven years like my prose and WALT WHITMAN'S poetry, BEECHER'S theology and ANDY DAVIS'S Harmonicon, outside of all criticism—"might as well criticise porcupine"—so people let her slide in peace and exclaim in cheerful awe "did you ever!!"

"Now girls!" exclaimed the WIDOW to RANDOLPH and I as we all got into stage: "Now girls—no grumbling! 'DOLPH my dear you'll find this almost equal to the time we went up Mount Righi—I was sitting on horseback you know and you holding to the horse's tail—how drunk you were my darling—to be sure."

This of course was called out in hearing of a large party including several prim-rosy ladies.

"*You* had half the kirschwasser anyhow" replied RANDOLPH lazily. "And who stole the bottle from the Old Englishman and hid it in her shawl? And who shot a calf with my revolver and said she thought it was a dear little chamois? And who put red pepper into the schnapps and dosed all those travelling German students with it and then wiped her eyes and bade them not cry because you would all meet again in heaven?"

"Well RANDOLPHUS," replied the WIDOW—"how do you know but we shall, after all? Queerer things *have* happened. Why you might be saved yourself, sometime. But now for the coacheypoachy up the roadey-podey, little ones! Only look! what a great big mountain, ADOLPHINA my duck. This range, little BROADWAY, is a dismembered branch of the great Appalachian chain which extends from Canada to the Gulf of Mexico, and what you now behold rises to the height of about 3800 feet."

Folks call it a long ride—WIDOW shortened it down to nothing. WIDOW held spelling class and examined us on geography—giving out all the words in the lexicons of love and wine and making us describe the topography of all the lively localities of New York, New Orleans, Paris and all sorts of places. Caught RANDOLPH on spelling "*Maraschino*," made him hold out his hand and gave him a devil of a spatting but put chocolate jelly drops into my mouth for giving the boundaries of Delmonico's, and describing the Century Club with accuracy. Went over into grammar: "Now my dear Miss ROANOKE please parse this sentence: "There is a tiger to be seen at JIM HALL'S." Pulled RANDOLPH'S hat over his eyes for missing fire and sent me up head for giving size of the animal's tracks correctly. Brought out a diminutive bottle of champagne containing about one small drink, produced miniature corkscrew from her port-monnaye and gave us a horn apiece out of her thimble, taking the majority herself. Professed exhilaration and requested song—"moral song if agreeable." Took down her comb, enveloped it in paper and played brilliant accompaniment while RANDOLPH whistled and clapped hands *en* Old Virginny *a la mode de* cornshuck.

I'se gwine up de Katterskill:
(Here the comb and raps come in)
I'se gwine up dar aginst my will,
(Here the WIDOW blew like sin.)
De stage's jolten on the stones,
I'se reely 'fraid dey broke my bones.
Ree, row, my true love,
Oh fare you well my darlin;
We'll meet at Newport by and by,
And I'm gwine ober de mountain.

Educational course and singing-school completed, WIDOW went in for something in theological line. Parted RANDOLPH'S hair, did him up with white shawl and lace handkerchief into a bride, and lectured him on future duties of married life. Told him not to spank infants more than twice a day, nor spend more than twenty-eight-fifteenths of poor BROADWAY'S income on crinolisms. Talked the bride into tears and then slapped her till she dried up. Performed ceremony *verb et lit*, repeating the directions to the clergyman and carefully mentioning commas, semicolons and sufforth whenever they occurred. Went to sleep at last, declaring she was going to leave this world and asked to be buried decently. Folded up travelling shawl for her—laid her pretty curly head on it till she went to sleep on my shoulder—held her comfortably—took turns with RANDOLPH in nursing the baby—did it tenderly and respectfully too—for she was ONE OF 'EM—and you don't belong to THEM oh reader if you havn't discovered by this time that the WIDOW was as dear a good little brick as ever was, and no more to be pained or sorrowed than any other jolly genial heart. So she passed away

into the music of her dreams to flutter with wild birds like herself through Shadow. And her slumber wasn't light—for the child was tired with travel and play. By and by RANDOLPH, too, became somniferic. Am big enough for a four poster and obligingly gave the bride one shoulder for a pillow, just as one was already occupied by clergyman. Deeper grew their slumbers—deeper sank the sleepy heads until their locks, both of a curl and color, were mingled. And then the bed himself went to sleep. *Tra la la hi o la—tra lula leral le ra!* Dear reader—if you're musical please end this sentence for me by humming the softest dream-waltz off into nothing, that ever swept through the brain of a WEBER or a MENDELSOHN! The whole may be beautifully arranged by WILL FRY or DICK WILLIS to the piano and horn-comb. Would play it myself but the only instrument which I play with real æsthetic tenderness and touching grace is the hand-organ.

Mountain House, Pine Orchard is decidedly high old hotel if ever was one. What's use of expanding on such a view as that house gives! "Heaven my brethren said the Illinois preacher: "Heaven is just a little the most elegant place you ever *did* hearn tell of. Eye hath not seen, ear hath not listened, it hath not entered into the imigination of any Cracker or Sucker around these hy'ar diggins to conceive what car'ryins on the just made perfect have up thar." Just so, oh beloved, is it with the views from that white painted Catskill palace whose façade of columns reacheth unto the eaves, lifting its handsome head to summer heavens. There *is* a place as *is* a place for brave folks who can stand rambles and scrambles—who are healthy and jolly and well set up in the items of winter under clothes and good English grays, to say nothing of Balmoral boots and tobacco—to pass long pleasant weeks. If you can *sing*, the Kaatskills are the spots to let your woice out in *yodles* on the *tilly hi—e—o—o—o—o!* principle, until you try on a holler to somebody a mile off, as the crow flies, on the opposite mountain. Oh Marm—if you could only have heard me last summer after practising a month round among crags and sea side cliffs near the breakers!—particularly when we used to sing Slambanguli in a high wind—

THE WIDOW.

talk about DEMOSTHENES going easy over the stones and getting up his *de poitrine* on pebbles!—but Marm, I digress. Let me again ascend like RINORDINE, "all on the mountains high." We had ran views up there—views to live and die by. Cool shades—blue gy to quench infinite yearning—Tarpeian rocks for Titans—rocks k and ravine, woodland, green fields, spired villages—leagues of downy green forest bed—far to the East the blue New England hills—and, far far below, the shining band of the silver Hudson adown which white sails swam ever on—on to the endless sea. Or climb the grand North Summit—or gaze afar from the South—seek the Two Lakes "sleeping like twins in the lovely plateau of the mountains. They'll do. Not less will Stony Clove and Planterhill Clove emphatically pay. But I lose myself among these scenes. Oh if you be an artist, though never so poor a one, go to the Mountain House and see for yourself what the public taste is which asks from artists views in the Campagna when it might have them from the Catskills. Thus endeth ye Seconde Lesson.

"It was mitnight. On de dop of de soommit of de Harty Mountains sto ot dow men—one vas de Coundess WILHELMINA—de oder vas der Tyfel."

German Romance by JOHANNES VON KROUPLIS.

Was forcibly reminded of above splendid scene in one of most thrilling romances in our Americano-German literature, (a department entirely untouched by GRISWOLD and TRUEBNER but which will be written up by Mr. DANA in Cyclopædia when he comes to sacred name of K[illegible]OUPLES)—recalled it, I say, one midnight when moon was round as a dime—emerging from deep shadow of rocks I beheld two fellows—one of 'em WIDOW and 'tother RANDOLPH. holding solemn tryst, and gazing down the tremendous Lip of Kattskill Falls, holding hand in hand so's not to roll over! Ah Madame—*there* is a liquid downfall for you which might typify the primeval Satan of the Waters—the real first destructive snake ocean Inundation-devil hurled headlong into the Abyss—or if you want it intensified, say, with JACOB BEHMEN, into the Byss of the Abyss—for I do vow and declare that there is always ONE point in every cataract where you see the Infinite and nothing but the infinite—where there's no bottom to bring up on—endless rushing form—roar—gush—headlong seething—deaf—dumb—confusing—ever on—and on! There; when you get THERE, you drop the Plutonic theory of Fire and know that the primitive fiend was truly outlined in the waving serpent-curves of the billowy deep! Even to this day the devil lurks in such scolloped lines—as you may see for yourself in the edge of any worked petticoat!

And there stood the WIDOW WILLEMINA—smoking cigarette and there too was RANDOLPH puffing his travelling meerschaum of Slavonian cut—black browned half a century ago by some *Stockbachme* or "out and out Bohemian"—both of 'em as *there* as possible. They couldn't have been *there-er* "had they tried"—(excuse the expression)—they were exactly magnetised in the exact spot of the cataract where the water-falling fascination is most irresistible and terrible. I knew the critical force of the magnetism—my blood curdled in my veins—I experienced that sentiment of getting slightly mad and taking a small swear which is peculiar to minds of a very superior quality and stupendous self-possession when in such awful circumstances. As the pair stood fascinated and smoking on the edge of the yawning gulf I resolved to approach cautiously and by one vigorous *draw* subtract them from their stupendous peril. 'Twas an awful moment—and yet Destiny had fated that it should become much more awfuller. Reader—sir, if quivered ever has thy heart over the thrilling pages of that supernal fiction The Gun Maker of Moscow or has thine eye dimmed with tears when tracing the fearful and harrowing adventures of the knightly LEON DE BOURNAY, the Conspirator of Cordova, through doors of brass—but enough—I see thou has. You art one of them readers. Then will thou sympathise with what my emotions was on this important occasion. Suddenly as I grasped the outer garment of RANDOLPH, the WIDOW startled from her fascination gave a scream and fell—upheld only by the strong arm of RANDOLPH who was in turn depending on my grasp for his own lease in life. As they thus hung suspended over the tremendous gulf there came

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(The rest of this stupendous story will be found in the next number of VANITY FAIR. For sale by all dealers, price six cents. Copy-right secured by four revolvers and a cow-hide, a slung-shot and a pint of vitriol against all intruders.)

Modern Skinners.

In one of COOPER's novels, we forget which, there is a very vivid description of the atrocities and depredations committed by a set of lawless vagabonds, desperadoes, and cattle stealers, called "Cow Boys, or Skinners." We are rather inclined to think, that though remarkable in their own day, their ghosts must take a back seat now and give precedence to our city fathers, the Aldermen and Common Councilmen, whose late kid *glove* skinning operations beat their proudest achievements, by a double multiplication table of the longest description of chalks.

Stray Sheep.

Where EVERETT goes there is a BELL in front of it.

GENTLE ANNIE.

WHAT'S IN A NAME?

Don't you think So, H. G?

In our morning paper, a day or two ago, we came across this heading to a paragraph: "ATTEMPT TO THROW THE NEW-YORK EXPRESS OFF THE TRACK."

We did not take the trouble to read any further, for from what we know of the conductors of the New-York *Express*, we should judge that no very extraordinary "attempt" would be needed to throw them off the track at any time.

A Knotty Subject.

A correspondent wishes to know whether a ship can go as fast in Tide water as any other. We reply that it can only be ascertained by experiment. It is certain, however, that the more Knots a vessel makes, the Faster she is.

'F Coarse.

Boots made of alligator-skin are all the go in New Orleans. JINKS, however, who has seen 'em, says they're not exactly long boots you know, but alli-gaiters!

What they needed on the Great Eastern.

Stop-Cox.

A SPLENDID CHANCE FOR H. R. H. THE PRINCE OF WALES.

To MR. PUNCH.

DEAR PUNCH:—In your issue of July 14th, you very needlessly expend a good deal of what is intended for particularly pointed, and scorchingly sharp satire against the "Snobs of America," to whom the said Snobs of America or rather, to the wicked and absurd prejudices—of the said Snobs of America, you accuse one Sir SAMUEL CUNARD, of meanly truckling." All this is very pretty and very witty in you, Mister *Punch*, and doubtless very welcome to the Snobs of England,as decayed whale's blubber is to the Greeenlanders. But doctors d ffer, and we, the "Snobs of America," somehow or other thank God, that here among us "Snobs of America," one *white* man, be he Dutch, German, French, American, or what not, is as good as another; and we are also proud to say that the child of honest parents, who splits rails to-day, *may*, forty years hence, be president of the United States. We, the "Snobs of America," also know that in your (Mr. *Punch's*) country, and among the Snobs thereof, the line of demarcation is not drawn between men of opposite, but the *same races*.

We, the "Snobs of America," candidly confess that we do not (as a general rule) consider the colored population as our equals and fitting associates, and to enlighten Mr. *Punch* and the Snobs of England, we, the "Snobs of America" will state the reason, viz: in this country *color* is as much the badge of servitude as a *Livery* is in England. Therefore, Mr. *Punch*, when your Dukes, Marquises, Earls, Barons, Viscounts, Baronets, Knights, Esquires and the rest of the "Snobs of England" sit down at the same table with the paternity of Jeems Yellow Plushes, of their own or friend's establishments, when they, the Jeemes (not the other "Snobs of England") are arrayed in all the glory of their variously and strikingly colored breeches—from a delicate flame, a subdued scarlet, or a retiring pea green—their long cut waistcoats, curiously "picked out" with gorgeous worsted braid, and their stupendous coats, redolent with armorially emblazoned buttons:—we say when such a reunion takes place between these "Snobs of England" and their gorgeous Flunkies, it will be time enough, oh most consistent Mr. *Punch*, to find fault with the little peculiarity of our American Snobbism. By the way a magnficent idea has just struck us; Snobs are creatures of imitation—and American snobs especially so; now if H. R. H. The PRINCE OF WALES, would be good, gracious, and magnanimous enough, to act *first* upon the advice you, Mr. *Punch* have given to us "American Snobs," and set us (the American Snobs aforesaid.) the bright example of breaking down a long established and senseless prejudice, by inviting his R. Highness's cooks, valets, grooms, and general assortment of liveried Flunkies (of course exclusive of the privileged "Snobs of England," whose naval, military, or clerical livery is not tabooed) to partake the cheer of his R. Highness's banquets, assist at H. R. H. *soirées*—and as a general thing make themselves pleasantly at home with him, the heir apparent ruler of the Snobs of England—the chances are, that we, the Snobs of America, *may about the same time*, establish the same friendly relations with those who, we regret to say at the present moment are almost as much excluded from many of the privileges of the refined society of the "Snobs of America," as the Yellow Plushes aforesaid, are from the same ennobling-and-equally-open-to all (in my eye) mankind—illustrious-privileges among the "Snobs of England."

Pleasant and Profitable.

A correspondent of one of the Philadelphia papers, evidently classical and not hebraical since she signs her name JUNO, writes a letter from the vicinity of Womelsdorf Station—wherever and whatever that may be—and eloquently discourses of a hotel thereabout whose proprietor "makes the stay of his guests pleasant and profitable." Was there ever a hotel proprietor especially in the summer season, who did not make the stay of his guests pleasant and profitable —— TO HIMSELF? As for the profits being on the guest's side, ahem!

We believe the woman who bears the *nomme de plume* of the "who walks the queen of gods," to be above any poor jokes about a dinner table, or profit table, else she would have learned the publican's Multiplication Table.

1 times 1 poor devil, makes per day	$2.50
1 times 1 bottle 25 cent claret, makes	1.50
1 times 1 bundle 25 cent cigars, makes	1.50
1 times 1 horse and wagon $2.00 makes	5.00
1 times 1 dozen clothes washed 50 cents	1.50
	$12.00

Twelve dollars a day and such roast beef!

No more chaff! old birds can't be caught with "pleasant and profitable"—they know other-wise.

Unparalleled Atrocity.

Among the numerous heartrending, and grievous complaints made by the ten dollarous excursionists, against the misdirectors of the Great Eastern, we consider the following the most touching and soul harrowing: "A reporter of one of the daily papers was compelled to sleep in a sheep pen with *one of the detective police.*"

Good gracious! Was it one of the HERALD men? Phancy what his pheelinx must have been, when he awoke in the morning and discovered what his companion's avocation was!

The Secret of Meriam's Success.

There is a silver lining to every cloud.

A Capital Rail Road Guide.

Murray's Rules of Accidence.

A WORD FOR THE GREAT EASTERN.

To Vanity Fair---

GREETING!

Whereas, oh Touchstone, most excellent Lord of Larking and Master of Misrule in this gay Vanity Fair of ours, I, one of your lieges and subjects, a dweller in Vanity Fair aforesaid, pray a hearing regarding a matter touching the rights and privileges of all our Vanity Fairies, Fairlings, fair ones, or by whatever name we children of Mirth and Foll may be called.

A whereas, oh Touchstone, it is one of our inalienable Fairy righ to get up and work off all manner, sort, species and varieties of h xes, sells, draws, quizzes, flames, gammons, bounds, bites, trick shines, didoes, mystifications, befoolments, traps, lines, inve lements, decoys, snares, victimizings, outwittings, cozenings, paln gs upon, trumperies, duperies, clap-traps, coggeries, shecoon- eries ocus pocusses, hums, bubbles, fetches, reaches, gouges, hooks, hocu ings, diddles, chouses, wool pullings, and every other kind of mer mischief.

I therefore protest against anything being said or done in Van Fair among the fairies dwelling therein, against the Direc- tors Officers of a certain ship known as the Great Eastern, and insis that said Directors and Officers have the soundest claims in the orld to be regarded as our friends—yea as being of us—in cons eration of their having got up and worked off on the wise and othe nen of Gotham one of the most stupendous, magnificent, top- loftic and otherwise sublime SELLS ever perpetrated on a Christ- tian mmunity. For which, as I submit they deserve instead of blam a monument *in perpetuam rei memoriam*, the renown whereof shall o forth *in partibus infidelium*, even unto the lands of the heath- en a l unbelievers.

Fo cannot be denied that the Great Easterners aforesaid—who were deed very Eastern, and very far downy-Eastern at that—adve sed to take passengers to a certain point for ten dollars and FOUN

W nce it resulted that being inveigled and pleasantly enticed by s advertisement, it came to pass that I, and sundry other wise or ur ise men of Gotham, did, in good faith, purchase tickets, ex- pecti to be agreeably conveyed by sea, unto the promontory or cape entit l May, situated without the limits of the United States, in the land New-Jersey, otherwise known as Nova Cesarea, alias Sand- bank Expecting to receive on the voyage, in addition to beds, towe service and soap, all manner of fit and proper nutriment, embr ing not only spring chicken, young peas and green corn, but also lfish-skins, potato parings, and all the other delicacies of the seaso

Ho ve did *not* get this, that and those, oh Vanity of Vanities, is no well known unto you. How no order was preserved. How certa 'roughs' were permitted, on payment of money to the sailors, to tak three or four mattresses, while those who did not, got none. How ere was no washing up of filth. How there were but three tonse ice for all the company. How, finally, the food was wanting, and water unfit to drink, the same having come from Merrie Engl d. How, in fact, we were generally neglected.

Yet ne great point remained unsettled until our final departure from e Floating Horror. So just before I left, oh Vanity, not wishi to go without a final solution of the Great Sell, I quietly asked ne of the officers of said Horror, what was really meant by "Ten llars—and *found?*"

To which he replied by asking me if I had been lost—or if any one had really wandered away beyond recovery, amid the labrynthine mazes of the great ship? To which, having replied: "Not 's I know of," he laconically answered that he knew it—the directors having in the strictest and most honorable manner employed experienced men to *find* or retrieve all passengers who might stray, wander, or otherwise run the risk of losing themselves on said vessel.

I have done. If any of your Fairies can, after this, grumble, all that I can say is, that said Fairy is utterly wanting in that genial appreciation of a glorious sell, which inspires your faithful friend,

FANTASIO.

THE VANITY FAIR CORRESPONDENCE.

TO THE LADY TO WHOM VANITY FAIR GAVE UP HIS SEAT IN A CITY CAR:

DEAR MADAME:

When you learn that the subscriber is a tall, handsome man, somewhat inclined to portliness, and, that on the afternoon in question, he was attired in a full suit of light cashmere, and wore an eye-glass which he used to aid him in detecting the jokes in the copy of Punch that he was reading at the time, you will at once recognise him as the gentleman who gave up his seat to you in a Third Avenue car, last Thursday. You will also call to mind that you availed yourself of his courtesy without thanking him in return, any more than the pig thanks the oak tree for the acorns that it drops down to him. When that "tall, handsome man, somewhat inclined to portliness" is weak enough to incommode himself for you, again, dear Madame, will you be so kind as to acquaint him with the fact by a line through the post, and oblige

Yours Respectfully,

Vanity Fair.

OUR ARTIST.

AS HE APPEARED AFTER HIS RETURN FROM THE TRIP ON THE GREAT EASTERN.

CORRESPONDENCE OF VANITY FAIR,

OUR EUROPEAN LETTER.

No. I.

PARIS, August 15th.

As I told you in my last, the obsequies of Prince JEROME were scarcely over, when the court-circle became again agitated upon the *Buonaparte-Patterson* question. The excitement, upon a similar topic, has never been equalled, except by that of the famous trial, of the case, in which another member of the same family, *not* of Baltimore, figured; when circumstantial evidence was exercised upon the question, "who struck WILLIAM PATTERSON?" You are no doubt familiar with the case.

Apropos of striking, the French are not to be out-done in the *volunteer rifle* movement. A National Rifle Association has been formed. The opening competition took place on Sunday last at the Bois de Boulogne; the Bishop of Paris having first consecrated all the bullets. The Empress fired the first shot, with a Minié rifle, and struck the centre at the distance of a mile. The young Imperial Prince afterwards did the same thing, with his eyes shut.

The invitation of the Chicago Zouaves to visit Paris, sent in an autograph letter from M. THOUVENEL to Capt. ELLSWORTH, has been accepted. They are expected in the Great Eastern about the first of September. The TURCOS, desiring to entertain them handsomely, are so anxious to learn the English language, that a great demand has arisen for teachers. NAPOLEON, to gratify these favorite soldiers, telegraphed to Lord PALMERSTON upon the subject; but, in the meantime, he was informed by Mr. COBDEN, that the schoolmaster was abroad. Since then, we are told, Mr. BOOLE has tendered the services of the female teachers of the 4th (?) ward, New York. A sham fight is to come off, between the Chicago Zouaves and the heroes of Solferino, on the Champ de Mars; a *fete champètre* will be made of it, the New York Municipality having already offered to pay for the champagne and gloves.

In politics, everything favors Metternich's *statu quo*. Except Italy, the nation now most prominent in Europe is stag-nation. The *real* object of the Emperor's visit to Baden, as we have been told by one who is a frequent visitor at the Tuileries, (being no less a personage than the chief purveyor of milk to the Imperial Prince)

LA MANTE EGYPTIENNE.

was, to negotiate with the Prince Regent upon the removal of the impost upon *Prussian blue*. This having been hinted at in a letter from Baden to the *London Times*, Lord JOHN RUSSELL immediately protested emphatically. Russia proposed a Congress. This was prevented by the publication of a pamphlet, by M. EDWARD about, "La Question Cyano-Prussique;" at which the Pope took umbrage, and refused to attend.

Something important has, however, at last transpired at Naples. A dinner has been given at the Royal Palace to the patriots who returned after the amnesty. About five hundred sat down. The King is said to have made a speech, in which he expressed his delight at the independence of Sicily, which he would long ago have granted, had he not been deterred by *the Swiss*. Moreover, his majesty has just offered the ministry of War to GARIBALDI; who would have accepted it, but that he was advised to the contrary by *Cavour*.

The *fashions* this fall promise to exhibit little of novelty, except in *mantillas*. *La mante Egyptienne* will have a great run; having been introduced by a lady of afore SAID PASHA'S family, on a visit to Paris at the invitation of Mme. LESSEPS. It is an extraordinary transition from the dress of the past season, all must admit; but, as EUGENIE has already appeared in it, upon a real Egyptian donkey, it is established. Those of your readers who have been to Cairo, will no doubt recognize my attempt to sketch this *arabesque* style; with which I close; *au revoir*. Yours,

PRIME.

PROGRESS OF CIVILIZATION UP TO THE HOUR OF GOING TO PRESS

Progress still continues. The March of Intellect is rapid and steady. Free and enlightened principles are springing spontaneously from every breast. Science is spreading. The human mind grasps hitherto supposed-to-be-unintelligibilities. The World revolves nearer the millenium. Heaven is gradually settling down upon the earth, and upon the United States in particular. Time-honored notions of decency, modesty, affection, and such, are fast becoming obsolete, owing to the invigorating process of advancement which mankind is now undergoing. Soon we shall be able to do away with everything like romance or poetry, and live on sober realities instead. The innocent pleasures of the domestic circle must, before long, give way to the new order of business alliances. "Gentleman" and "lady" will effectually usurp the coarse expression "man" and "wife." "Children" will only be known as "progeny," "parents" as "origins." Everything will be practical.

Up to our last advices the following welcome intelligence had been circulated throughout the land, bringing joy to all whose hearts have thus far become sufficiently calloused by the Spirit of the Age, to enable them to appreciate the advantages to be derived from the Matrimonial Agency brought out by an intelligent and shrewd Yankee. We are indebted to the *Herald* for our information:

A FEW YEARS of experience and successful practice as a Matrimonial agent in Paris and London, I have been persuaded by many friends to establish a branch office in New York, not for a month or a year, but a permanent agency, where ladies and gentleman of all ages and circumstances in life, will be waited upon in a business-like manner. I have already some three hundred daguerreotypes of ladies and gentlemen to make selections from, from the ages of fifteen and sixteen to widows of forty and fifty, so that all who desire can find suitable companions. Terms $2; $1 in advance, enclosed with note stating where to address: balance when introduced. The name must be plainly written to avoid mistakes. No communications from married persons countenanced in any way.

N. B.—Office not objectionable to the most refined ladies and gentlemen, as it is connected with one of the largest Daguerrean saloons in the city.

After this, good people, buy your wives and husbands at the livery establishments, as you would horses, dogs, etc. No more courting, flirting, bother, disappointment and wounded feelings. Step up to the office, examine the stock, take your pick, pay your money and drive to the parson. Hurrah for progress!

Lord Brougham in a new Light.

The other day, the *Herald* had the kindness to tell us that:

"In England a PALMERSTON and a RUSSELL alternate in the direction of politics, a *Brougham rules in literature*, and in every field, some one or two individuals are found, beyond whom no co-laborer must advance."

We confess that until we read this statement of the *Herald's*, we were in complete ignorance of the fact that Lord BROUGHAM was the author of "The Idyls of the King," or that he ever had a hand in "The Newcomes," or "The Old Curiosity Shop;" though, of course, if the *Herald* says so, it is all right.

But did not the *Herald* mean to say:

"In England a BROUGHAM rules in politeness to foreign embassadors; beyond him no caladorer must advance."?

A bit from the Æronaut's Catechism.

Q.—What should you never fail to do at an ascension?

A.—Take up a collection.

The Girls that are constant to the Typos.

Ems.

A NEW BALLAD OF THE GREAT EASTERN.

It's of a big steamer I'm going to tell,
Which to all New-York-iers is known very well,
Which cost her proprietors as I am told,
A mysterious fortune in silvier and gold.

[Chorius imitating the melodific sounds of specie currency a pourin' out.]

At last to the York-iers the D'rectors did say,
"Would you like an excursion to visit Cape May?
At ten dollars a head, we the thing can afford,"
So the York-iers came scrougin' and crowdin' on board.

[Chorius discribin' the wild rush of the multitudinous crowd wavin' their ten dollar notes.]

But they warnt long afloat ere the sharp ones espied
That they could'nt get water however they tried;
No soap and no towels or many things more,
And they all wished devoutly themselves on the shore.

[Chorius of howls for water, soap, towels, ice, and other ornaments of refined society.]

Their wittles was bad and unfit for to eat,
The vaiters brought taters ven asked to bring meat,
And ven sick folks and ladies for water did pray,
They hanswered quite sassy, "Vell—vot'll you pay?"

[Chorius of ferocious vaiters a-howlin' for lucre.]

Poor Biggs lost a shoe, and but one shoe remained,
No food could he get, and his pockets was drained,
He had read of sad wrecks, so a-feared for their life,
He divided his shoe with his child and his wife.

[Chorius setting forth the tears of the Biggses.]

And people report that the *Herald* reporter
Vent crazy for once't all for want of some water!
And all hiderfoby'd and tremblin' with rage
He rushed in the pig-pen for a her mi-et-age.

[Chorius of hyderfoby cries and grunts with pokin' up of hanimals.]

But ven the sun set and the dark night came on,
How they groaned when they found the mattresses were gone,
Some people took four, but they had for to pay,
As the sailors had got 'em and locked 'em away.

[Chorius of galiant sailiors a sellin' beds at fifty cents a-piece.]

My eyes! how the people rejoiced ven they found
They were off of the vessel and on the firm ground;
Johnny Bull—in some matters you're certainly swell,
But you can't sail a steamer or keep a hotel.

[Chorius of loud groans from the hofficers of the G. E., and of tremendious applause from the readers of Vanity Fair.

"ALL RIGHT!"

MR. DALLAS.—I ACCEPT YOUR APOLOGY, MY LORD—YOU NEED NOT HAVE BROUGHT YOUR FRIEND.

UNLIMITED SUSPENSION.

LIE DE BEAUMONT, according to a cotemporary who very often tells the truth—the great ELIE DE BEAUMONT—has informed Monsieur JOBARD (we all know JOBARD—particularly such of us as are "up" in French slang,) that a commission, composed of Messieurs CHEVREUL, FLOURENS and VELPEAU, has been appointed to examine his—JOBARD's—memoir on catalepsy, paralysis and lethargy.

In this memoir JOBARD demonstrates—so we are told—the possibility of suspending life for an unlimited period; of restoring the drowned to life after an immersion of two days—and those frozen, after ten years! And then, soaring to a more daring height, JOBARD proposes to replace the punishment of death by freezing people—say for five or six years at a time, or by artificial cataleptiza-tion—nothing less!

Good old FRANKLIN having observed that flies drowned in Madeira wine in England came to life in the air of freedom in America, suggested that old gentlemen might be w ne-l away—*a la fly*—for a century at a time. VELPEAU, himself, thinks people may be hypnotised by putting things at the points of their noses, so as to "cataleptize" them for weeks together. Gracious goodness! What if all this united wisdom should prove that there's really something in it!

Fancy the exhumation, a century or two hence, when the world shall have grown decent, of a dozen or two BOOLES, who had been cataleptified, rolled into a loft and forgotten! Fancy a few mammoths frozen away in a Siberian snow bank coming to life and going at the natives! Fancy a few Huns of the good old fiendish pattern turning up in a tea-party. But no—we believe in gradual development and the fitness of things, and don't believe that such an abomination as a BOOLE would ever exist out of the congenial filth of his age.

THE SONG OF THE RATS.

Rats! rats! rats!
In a White Old House is a gray old rat,
Fidgetting ever and blind as a bat;
Growling and grumbling over his cheese.
Easy to huff and hard to please;
Managing, managing, day and night,
Everything wrong and nothing right!
Fussy, fretty, foolish and flat;
Know ye the name of the Gray Old Rat?

Rats! rats! rats!
In a certain House is an eloquent rat;
Great in his voice, and his sense is not that;
Long is his speech, and he has a way
As if he had really something to say;
Words in plenty come gushing out,
As rain-water runs from a lofty spout—
Stars and eagles and stripes and all that—
Know ye the name of the Eloquent Rat?

Rats! rats! rats!
Over the land the candidate-rats
In motley coats and without any hats,
Are booing, and marching, and marching and booing,
Talking, delighted, of wreck and of ruin.
O, was ever there such a meander?
Coaxes and curses, shaven and slender!
Each of them swears to bell the cats—
Know ye the names of the Candidate Rats?

Rats! rats! rats!
In civic store-house the hungry rats,
All of them patriots, most of them Pats,
Few, alas! to the manor born,
Nibble away at the people's corn.
In swearing and stuffing, in barking and biting,
In ravishing, smoking, and drinking delighting;
The Rats of the People—the dear Democrats!
Know ye the names of the Civic Rats?

Rats! rats! rats!
Pen-and-ink rats in their holes on high,
Writing libels for fools to buy;
Squabbling ever—the same old tune.
The hinted lie or the broad lampoon!
Rats whose virtue can never fail,
Though each one carries his price on his tail;
Some bite like scorpions—some like gnats;
Know ye the names of the Editor-Rats?

Rats! rats! rats!
Rats that the belfried churches nurse,
Drearily drawling chapter and verse;
Offering ever for human ills
Only the barren letter that kills;
Gnawing the Ark of the Covenant through;
From velvet cushion to padded pew,
Beating the dust to blind the flats!
Know ye the names of the Reverend Rats?

Rats! rats! rats!
Rats in ermine holding moot,
With law in parcels at prices to suit;
Shaping, inventing to cover the case,
Precedent musty or dictum base,
Gad! how they gibber to suitors below:
"It so be it thus, why then thus be it so!"
Leges non curant—verbum sat!
Know ye the name of the Legal Rat?

Rats! rats! rats!
Rats in the ancient Temple of Mind—
Mumbling maggots and munching rind;
Scrubbing and patching, splicing and jointing;
With particles Greek and with Hebrew pointing,
Proving virtue itself a sin,
By a comma left out or a colon left in;
Of guesses and glosses the autocrats:
Know ye the names of the Learned Rats?

Rats! rats! rats!
By beds where the dying pant for life,
How snug they stand with lancet and knife;
While the vampyre tugs at the fluttering heart,
How they jabber jargon of middle-age art!
Soothing pain when 'tis savage and strong
By naming it something Latin and long!
A grain of this and a scruple of that!—
Know ye the name of the Medical Rat?

Rats! rats! rats!
Rats that run in the month of May,
Rats of reform and right are they!
Rats who believe the hottest of speeches
Soonest the shame and sorrow reaches;
Generous rats whose chiefest delight
Is to set the order of Providence right;
Lean, or hairy, or greasy, or fat,
Know ye the name of the Platform Rat?

Rats! rats! rats!

O, Truth and Justice, and Common Sense!
When will you drive this rat-tribe hence?
Bait 'em and beat 'em! hurry 'em! skurry 'em!
With satire and scorn and laughter flurry 'em!
In hole and corner and cranny to hide,
The Flunkey Rat, and the Rat of Pride,
Selfishness, Pedantry, Cant, and all that,
Till nobody hears of a single Rat!

THE ZANY OF THE HOUSE OF PEERS.

AS long as *Punch* exercised a wholesome control over LORD BROUGHAM, so long did the erratic Lord, refrain from violating the decencies and courtesies of civilized life; but since that profound periodical has become so fearfully sensitive upon the subject of Papal aggrandizement, the GRIMALDI of the House of Lords, has again begun to run riot.

The last exploit of this Noble Lord is of a character in keeping with his earlier life. True gentility is not always the concomitant of great intellectual ability, and the recent wanton insult upon our minister, Mr. DALLAS, although to the shame and disgrace of the International Statistical Congress, and its presiding officer, Prince ALBERT, it was received with "loud laughter and cheering," is an evidence of this in the person of a peer of the realm, who, by a fiction of law, is popularly supposed always to be a gentleman.

No sane person would deny the right of the International Statistical Congress, as a purely scientific body, to have people of any color among its members; Mr. DALLAS of course could not deny it, otherwise he would not have been present.

Every sane person also would have supposed that no matter what color the delegates might be, each one of them would be presumed to be a gentleman, at least in the presence of the One remove from Royalty in the Chair, but then this supposition evidently would not embrace "my Noble Lord."

Mr. DALLAS, as an individual, may have his own peculiar ideas upon the subject of color; so has VANITY FAIR; he may have nostrils sensitive to the peculiar odor; so has VANITY FAIR; he may prefer to choose his own associates; so does VANITY FAIR; he may, and no doubt does recognize the right of the colored man to be called a man; so does VANITY FAIR; and yet in common with the learned, and perhaps over fastidious Touchstone, he may have a slight objection to fraternizing either at bed or board with a gentleman of color, with the thermometer ranging up among the eighties.

Although the Representative of the United States near the English Court, it is not to be supposed that Mr. DALLAS attended this meeting in his official capacity; he was there simply as a spectator, as a private individual, as a gentleman, and therefore to be unnoticed, unless he had thought proper to place himself in a prominent position, which we are aware is not a failing with him, and in which respect he differs widely from the Clown of the Peerage: but this was to be overlooked; the fact of his presence there, offered too good an opportunity for an impertinency which English gentlemen could receive "with laughter and cheers," and therefore "my Lord" used his privilege as a Merry Andrew to tickle the crowd, and the American gentleman responded to the insult, and the laughter and cheers, by behaving himself as he is ever wont to do, with the simple dignity of a man who can afford to be lenient with the follies of the old, and the impertinencies of the vulgar.

VANITY FAIR, in conclusion congratulates *Punch* upon the fact that after it has worn out the Papal bugbear, it will have a new and capital subject for its satire which will give its able corps of Artists and Writers sufficient employment for the year 1861. Let it take up the idea of the Fine Old English gentleman, such as we read of and never see, and contrast this mythical personage with the actual breathing Creation of the present day, who frequents International Congresses, and the House of Peers, and if the wit of a MAYHEW is not too finely drawn upon in its delineation, and JOHN LEECH will remain long enough to aid him with his pencil, it may win new laurels, in the literature of the critical world, in its new comic history of the Gentlemen of England.

THE GLORY AND THE SHAME OF SHINE.

Three moons have wasted since SHINE, Guardian in our City's Halls of Learning, reached the zenith of his glory.

To be less figurative, and come to figures, it was on or about the 7th of May that SHINE, EUGENE SHINE, School Commissioner in the Fourth Ward, aided and abetted by a few congenial associates, succeeded in turning out into the street a number of poor young women, teachers in the Fourth Ward Schools, Americans and Protestants all, and replacing them by a set of inefficient persons, mostly Irish and Catholics.

These almost worthless substitutes were, in one or two instances, relatives of the officials who appointed them—appointed them in direct violation of the laws of the Board of Education.

But the festive SHINE and his fellows did not then trouble themselves about school laws or anything else except their own glorification. And they had reason to glorify. They had succeeded in their "little game," and, moreover, were making it pay. For did they not raise the salaries of the new teachers and then quietly levy a per centage thereon for themselves? And why shouldn't they? "Their right there was none to dispute."

So all went merry as a what-dye-call-'em until a sister of one of the discharged teachers ventilated the affair in a daily paper. First shell in the camp of SHINE & Co! Then the other dailies took the matter up. More tribulation for SHINE and his people! Next VANITY FAIR rolled up its sleeves and "got in" some "crushers" on the "mug" of Injustice in its usual handsome manner. Dismay and consternation now set in violently among the Shinites. The matter came up before the Board of Education where it would have been tabled and so severely let alone but for the persistent outcries of VANITY FAIR and the dailies. There was no rest for Shine. It was evident that he would be kept in that state of painful activity especially set apart for the wicked.

A Special Committee was appointed to investigate the matter. In our last issue we recorded that this committee had recommended the adoption of a resolution of censure upon SHINE and his fellow trustees. This resolution was included in a report made by the Committee in which SHINE was shown up to an alarming extent. Naturally SHINE was not particularly anxious to have this report printed, adopted and filed away in the archives of the Board of Education. We do not learn that he lay awake nights longing for such an event to occur. Rather did he contrive to stave the report off from one weekly meeting to another.

For three weeks things went on in this way. But, to quote a hazardous remark, "Truth is mighty and will prevail," and, at a meeting of the Board of Education Wednesday week, SHINE received, in some degree, his deserts. The dreadful report was adopted in spite of him. And the resolution of censure also. Useless were the arguments of SHINE, in vain his sarcasm. For EUGENE was sarcastic, as this extract from a report of the proceedings shows:

"Mr. SHINE thought that the report had better be stereotyped. It had been widely published, and it should be put in pamphlet form and distributed among the people. In might be a good idea to put it in the form of a song, adapting it to some popular tune."

[EUGENE, you genius! if you will have these resolutions set to music pray select the "Rogues' March" as the melody. Do now, so as not to shock all our notions of appropriateness!]

Then SHINE, finding playful sarcasm unavailing becomes irate, and howls at the opposition.

"Mr. SHINE said that the report was the result of prejudice and not of proof. The report declared that he had stated a falsehood. He threw back the assertion, and would say that Mr. TUCKER had stated what was a falsehood. The gentleman was getting old and feeble and beside himself. (Mr. SHINE was here called to order, and was requested by the president to avoid personalities.)

"Mr. SHINE said he respected the gray hairs of the gentleman, or he would make him prove the statements prejudicial to the speaker. Mr. SHINE, after proceeding further, was again called to order."

That "gray hairs" should be an obstacle to the proving of statements about SHINE, or anybody else, is a somewhat remarkable, and, to us, we confess, an entirely novel fact. But we can pardon

Shine his little vagaries at such a moment. We must remember that he was in neither a cheerful nor a proper state of mind. We have not the slightest doubt that he felt very much like a swear, though he may not have indulged, then and there, in that luxury.

But, whether he swore or not, the report was adopted, the resolution passed.

So the shame of Shine is upon him at last. His lamp is out. His power has forsaken him. His fangs are extracted. If, now he should be expelled from the body which he has disgraced the measure of our satisfaction would be full. We are willing to give any amount of money, say four shillings, if the Board of Education will but say to him, in the words of the late Mr. Milton.

"We can dismiss thee ere the morning, Shine."

—and then do it!

If They only Would!

Our Elegant Contributor, who has got himself a gorgeous pair of white trousers, cut *à la Japanaise*, and who singularly enough, objects to having them defiled by sweaty hands, particularly requests people who ride in his omnibus, hereafter, to adopt Old Abe's tactics and depend wholly upon the Rail.

"The Light of the World."

Alex. Cummings.

Dog presented by inhabitants of Newfoundland to H. R. H., the Prince of Wales.

TIDDY IDDY TOL LOL.

A circumstantial, but rather unauthentic person signing himself "William Taylor, Master, *British Banner*," has been promulgating through the columns of the New York *Illustrated News* the tale of a monstrous water-snake, seen wallowing in the ocean deeps alongside of the said bark *British Banner*, which it slightly damaged by biting the bowsprit off short, and playfully swallowing the starboard quarter galley and staving in the fly of the ensign. We quote partly from memory and may not be quite correct in the application of our nautical terms. From the exaggerated length attributed to this great acquatic adder by Captain William Taylor, we should be inclined to class that mariner as an adder himself, and one of the largest on record—but a sailor has to study longitude as well as latitude, and we must give him a little sea-room. Having given precise locality as determined by solar observation, the Captain goes on to describe his monster as follows:

It must have been at least 300 feet long; was about the circumference of a very wide crinoline petticoat, with black back, shaggy mane, horn on the forehead, and large glaring eyes, placed rather near the nose, and jaws about eight feet long. * * * When the bowsprit, with the jib-boon, sails and rigging went by the board, the monster swallowed the fore-top-mast, staysail, jib and flying jib, with the greatest apparent care.

As we have never seen a crinoline petticoat like that described above, "with black back" &c., we cannot form any idea of the serpent's thickness from the introduction of that interesting garment, as a standard measure. Sailors are proverbially gallant, however, and the petticoat was naturally the uppermost thing in the mind of Captain William Taylor, who, we have a strong suspicion, must be the identical navigator of that name sung of in a ballad of old, of which we regret—although our readers may not—that our memory declines furnishing us with any portion but the first verse, and the chorus, which run as follows:

1st Verse.

Billy Taylor was a gay youngfellow,
Full of fun and full of glee,
And his heart he did diskiver
Unto a lady fair and free.

Chorus.

Tiddy iddy tol lol,
Tiddy iddy tol lol,
Tiddy iddy tol lol
Fol li dee.

And we herewith call upon the New-York *Illustrated News* to lift up its voice and join us in a raving chorus of

Tiddy iddy tol lol, fiddle de dee!

Aphmoojeneegamooh.

Some one of the numerous gang of utterers of bogus words has lately coined a composite name for the oil found under ground in Pennsylvania, and out of it. He has called it Senecoleum or Oil of Seneca. Why? An Exchange says, "it was so named because it was first found on the borders of Seneca Lake." What if it had been first discovered on the borders of fair Aphmoojeneegamook Lake? Aphmoojeneegamookoleum and to think it might have been thus. Well, that is an escape, but why not call it Earth-oil and be done with it? If there were no fools there would be no fun, is an adage indisputable, but when the fools take to Latin the wise men had better go back to the adoration of English.

There is another thing to be considered and it is that this world cannot last long since people will put a stop to it, by calling it Semicolon. Should it degenerate into *Seniculum*, the Latin for An Old Dotard, that would be only natural. But Touchstone, the head and front of Vanity Fair, has no intention to take a dose of Senecoleum—that he recommends to spectators with the proviso that the later they speculate in it the better.

Sure to get In.

It is as plain as any unsettled thing can be, that Everett must get into the White House, because his own party, and his opponents, are struggling to ascertain how Ever-it's to be done.

Con: By a Predestinarian.

Of what race will be the last man on earth?
The Fin(n)ish, of course!

From our Watery grave Contributor.

One of the greatest lets to prosperity.
"Let's liquor."

A Paradox.

How to improve the Board of Education. Take the Shine out of it.

Hifalutin.

Playing a fife in the City Hall Cupola.

The Place for "Irish Moss."

The Isle of Pat-mos.

HOW THE BOYS TAKE IT.

White Boy.—My eyes! Charcoal, see him! What is it! A g'rilla?
Indignant Colored Brother.—G'rilla much, ya—as! Don't you see it's de new Prince 'er Wales? Sha—a—aw!

JUDY O'BRIEN'S PROTEST.

Addressed to † John of New-York, upon his Proposition to introduce a Professorship of the Science of Cuisine at the Mt. St. Vincent Academy.

Blessings on your riverence! And sure you don't know what you are doing!
Trying to show the young ladies the secrets of roasting and stewing.
Divil a bit—that I should say it—is the use of your taching and trying:
Holy St. Lawrence! But it's pretty work they'll make of the broiling and frying,
Ladies up stairs; cooks down stairs; that's my rule—every one to their places.
Playing the piano-forty is prettier now than burning their handsome faces;
Coming into the kitchen, and purring, and smiling so swately;
With rings on their fingers, making cake, and it is spiled in the baking complately;
Wasting the eggs—and Lord knows they're high enough—and butter; also the spices;
'Tis all bother and blunder, your riverence, and they never take my advices;
And when it comes out, 'tis as black as my shoe—they may ate it, I'm sure, as wishes
To have pains in their insides, and they might just as well ate the dishes.
Poking about, and weighing and measuring, with a book before 'em to learn 'em.
Drat the books! 'Tis mighty little them made 'em knows, and I wish your riverence would burn 'em.
Look at me! sorrow a word can I read—much less spell—yet I'm sure that I
Can bate the Dutch, or any other nation entirely, at most any kind of a pie.
Let alone all the coffee to their breakfasts, and I'm sure they couldn't have it thicker;
For it stands by their stomachs better nor if it was all wish-washy liquor.
And as for my character, if it isn't a good one, it ought to be, for it cost me a dollar,
And allows I whip—and its only true—all the cooks in the country holler;
Can do anything that anybody can do in a kettle, a pot or a pan;
And have had sixteen places in one blessed year, and thim may bate that as can.
Always ready to give warning, if anything unpleasant befall;
And never lift a house in my life that there warn't rejoicing by all.
Let alone the polace that sarched my box, and they might as well sarched in the moon;
A tumbling and tossing mee things over, and they didn't find so much as a spoon;
And as for the dratted dripping, a pretty fuss they made—I'm certain 'twas right—
Or I was desaved, for the man said so, when he came every Monday to buy 't.
Pretty Christians they must be that would persecute Judy and kill her,
Just for laying by a penny or so, to get her a hat and mantiller;
And a bit of a breastpin, and a sunshade; and now and then taking an airing;
And if I went out of a Sunday, no end of their coorsing and swearing,
Not allowing, your riverence that 'twas to church I'd been, and forgetting I was a sinner,
And couldn't and wouldn't go to the divil, not for thim and their dirty old dinner.
No followers allowed! What is that but a haythen oppression I say,
When yee can't ask your cousin to see yee, and give him a mouthful of tay.
Faith! things were bad enough before, with their watchings, and pryings, and rules;
Without training 'em up to it, the little darlings! And sure don't they go to the schools
Just to learn the croshay and worsted—and Miss Mary 'twas worked St Paul
With illigant blue eyes, and a crook in his hand—a handsome man and a tall!
What should they do, slaving down stairs, and spiling their beautiful figures,
And no better off, if you come to that, than a parcel of ugly niggers.
Cooks is cooks ain't they? And quality's quality surely,
And small harm to any one taking a sip, when they happen to feel a bit poorly;
They might be doing better than coming down smellin' a poor clay-thur's breath;
For never a drop pass'd my mouth that day—if it did may it be my death.
Though some folks spoke that way, and was talking of calling
For one of the men with stars on their coats, if I didn't at once stop bawling;
And must have slept in the street—leastways to the station have gone;
But Bridget my cousin, took me in—good luck to the day she was born!
Missuses for cooks! But really that can't be at-all-at-all what you meant;
For think, may it please your riverence, what a muss they'll make of the fishes in Lent.
'Tis a rage St. Peter 'll be in, when he sees all his little pets spiled,
All to rags, and tatters, and flinders, most ondacently biled.
Be aisy, your riverence! Mind your book, and we will mind the fryin';
So very humbly your servant, to command, yours,

Judy O'Brien.

Con. by a Black Republican.

Why are Lincoln and Hamlin like a darkey's shins?
Because they are above de-feet (defeat).

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VANITY FAIR.

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